



ORANGE BLOSSOM

Acts like a poultice, drawing out fever and pain, and reinvigorating the entire Female System. It removes all obstructions and creates a healthy, natural flow of all secretions.

It is the one natural cure for female troubles, because it is applied right to the diseased parts. Don't take internal remedies for female weakness, common sense requires a direct application for immediate relief and permanent cure.

"Orange Blossom" is a sure, painless cure for falling and dropsy of the womb, profuse, difficult, irregular menses, leucorrhoea, ulceration, tumors, sick headache, constipation, salivous complexion.

"Orange Blossom" is a pastille easily used at any time. Every lady can treat herself with it.

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4 Panorama Place, Chicago, Ill.

For Sale by J. A. McGill & Co.

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Chickens' English Diamond Brand.

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Hires' Rootbeer

NEW LIFE

\$500 Reward!

Notice to Teachers.

Defined.

A New Rule.

Evidence.

Often Dropped.

More General.

Asailed by a Worse Fear.

Their Amusement.

Cyclotoltry.

The simple application of SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ELECTRIC TELEPHONE

PISO SECURE FOR

LAYING FOR A BARGAIN.

He Wanted a Cloak; but, Alas, He Came Too Late.

"Look-a-here," he began as he entered a Woodward avenue dry goods store Saturday forenoon with a bargainish look on his face, "you had some wimmin's cloaks here last October for \$15."

"Yes, we did," replied the floorwalker.

"My old woman wanted one, but I told her to hold on. About the first of December them same cloaks went down to \$9, didn't they?"

"Yes, we marked them down again."

"My old woman couldn't hardly stand still, but I told her to wait, and they'd be lower. About two weeks ago I saw 'em in the window marked down to \$7."

"Yes, we were willing to sacrifice rather than carry them over."

"I had to get a rope around the old woman to hold her, but I knowed what I was about. Here's your \$5."

"What for?"

"For a cloak with a \$3 bust, black cloth, horn buttons, two pockets. You've marked 'em down to \$6, of course, rather than carry 'em over. I hain't as smart as some, but when I kin save a straight \$10 bill I'm right thar."

"My dear sir," softly replied the floorwalker as he returned the bill, "I'm sorry to inform you that—"

"That what?"

"That you haven't a single cloak left!"

The old man looked at him, turned white and red and swallowed a lump in his throat, and all he said as he went out was:

"Waal, by thunder!"—Detroit Free Press.

The "Carelesslest Creature."

He came home the other night tired from a busy day's work, and his wife waited till he had got his overcoat off and sat down.

"Did you get that piece of silk I asked you to bring up tonight?" she asked, seeing he had not laid it before her.

"Yes, dear, I left it out there in the hall."

"Did you get the pins?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the ribbon?"

"Yes."

"And Bobbie's shoes?"

"Yes."

"And the whiskbroom?"

"Yes."

"And a wick for the kitchen lamp?"

"Yes."

"And some matches?"

"Yes; they are with the other bundles."

"And did you see the man about the coal?"

"Yes; it will be up on Monday."

"And the man to see the grate in the dining room?"

"Yes; he's coming as soon as he can."

"Did you see Mrs. Smith about the sewing society meeting?"

"She said she'd come."

"And—and—oh, yes, did you get a new shovel for the kitchen stove?"

"N-n-no," he hesitated. "I forgot it."

"What!" she cried. "What did you do that for? You know we needed that shovel, and I told you about it the very first thing when you went down town this morning. I do think men are the most forgetful and careless creatures that ever lived." And she flopped out to see about supper.—Philadelphia Press.

Too Dazzling.

It was a small piece of glass about the size of a pea, but was set like a diamond, and adorned the white shirt bosom of a young man who was riding on a Woodward avenue car.

At Baggot street three pretty girls got into the car, and the young man began posing. Then the sauciest of the three girls said to her companions:

"Doesn't the light dazzle you?"

"I should say so," was the answer.

"The cars ought to be provided for such an emergency." And she held a handkerchief up to her eyes.

"Fortunately I have my smoked glasses with me," said another, and taking out a pair of snow blinders she deliberately adjusted them to her bright optics.

"Has any one heard that the Kohinoor has been stolen?" suggested one of the trio presently.

But the unfortunate owner of the solitaire had heard enough. He bounded from the car, and now when he goes out he leaves the gem at home.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much For Endurance.

Employment Agent—You did not stay long in that last place."

Domestic—Oh, couldn't stand that woman's insult in a vulgar language."

"In what way?"

"She says, 'Fill the coal hod' instid of 'Place, will yeh condescind to replenish the anthracite vase?'"—New York Weekly.

Defined.

A New Rule.

Rule for ascertaining a woman's age: To half of a female enemy's positive knowledge add the square root of her own statement. To this result add a quarter of the estimate of a masculine admirer, and then guess.—New York Recorder.

Evidence.

"So you still believe in the Darwinian theory, do you?"

"Of course I do. What is the spring housecleaning mania but a survival of the times when we were birds?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Often Dropped.

"She has been jilted six times. No wonder she has no heart."

"Yes, constant dropping will wear away a stone."—Detroit Tribune.

An Inspiration.

At George Cable's home, in Northampton, Mass., there was lately a double celebration—that of his own silver wedding and the marriage of his only daughter, whose advent inspired her father's only published verse:

There came to port the other day
The queerest little craft,
Without a stitch of rigging on,
I looked and looked and laughed.

It seemed so strange that she should come
Across that stormy water
And anchor there, right in my room,
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

—Philadelphia Record.

No Change in Him.

Mrs. Fussy—You don't seem to be very fond of spending your evenings at home.

Fussy—Just what my mother said when I was courting you.—Scribner's Magazine.

Forecasting the Weather.

He was inclined to be humorous but sometimes unwise. He had forgotten to go home to supper, and he knew what was in store for him when he should finally get there, so just to be pleasant and entertaining he got some miniature flags at a toy store and put them into his pocket.

"John Henry!" exclaimed his wife as he entered the house. "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself to treat your wife with so little consideration."

He slowly unrolled his little package of flags, took out a square red one with a black square in the center and fastened it to the mantel.

"What's that?" she demanded sharply.

"Storm signal," he replied pleasantly.

She drew herself up laughingly. Once or twice she seemed on the point of speaking, but controlled herself and finally turned coldly away. He merely took down the red flag and replaced it with a white one with a black center.

"Cold wave," he said.

There was a moment's silence, and he saw that her feelings were hurt.

"You're cruel," she said at last.

"You stay away from dinner and then you come home just to make fun of me. I—I—"

He put up a blue flag.

"Rain or snow," said he.

"Why do you want to be so mean?" she asked tearfully. "Why can't you be the dear, kind man you used to be? I won't be cross again."

He put up a white flag.

"Fair weather," he said, "and also a flag of truce. I capitulate to tears."

And the white flag floated the entire evening.—Chicago Post.

The Rose and the Thorn.

She was no longer a rosebud. Indeed she was in full bloom and had been so through several seasons.

But she had money, and he loved her.

How often men do that way!

Oh, money, thou art a honey!

So as time wore on and she grew no younger his heart throbbled more and more, until he stilled its throbbing by proposing to her.

He was so sure of her, at her time of life, that anything but a prompt acceptance never occurred to him.

What was his intense, nay painful, surprise, then, to hear her say she was very much obliged to him for his kindness, but really she must decline.

"Oh, why, why?" he pleaded in heartbroken tones.

"Because I do not love you," she answered.

"But you can learn to love me," he said coaxingly.

"I think not," she persisted.

"Oh, yes, you can," he exclaimed, grabbing at her lily white hand. "One is never too old to learn, you know."

How he ever escaped alive it is no part of the chronicler's business to explain.

This is no detective tale.—Detroit Free Press.

More General.

"I suppose you want the lady's name engraved inside, sir?" said the jeweler, after Tillinghast had selected an engagement ring.

"Oh, no," replied the careful young man; "just put inside, 'To my heart's own treasure,' or 'The star of my life!'"—Life.

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Rule for ascertaining a woman's age: To half of a female enemy's positive knowledge add the square root of her own statement. To this result add a quarter of the estimate of a masculine admirer, and then guess.—New York Recorder.

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Tempting the Elements.

There is a great difference between courage and foolhardiness, but some people do not seem to be aware of it. "I ain't sca't of a thunderstorm, no more'n the majority o' folks, s'far's I know," said Miss Mira Jenkins, "but, I declare to man, it does rile me up to be over to Cousin John's when there's a sharp high shower. John's kerryin' on an ore enough to put a body into fits."

"Does he leave windows open an have drafts playin' round?" asked Miss Polly Jenkins.

"Drafts!" echoed Miss Mira. "That house is one mass o' drafts from one end to another. But that ain't what I'm referin' to. I ain't partial to bein' stived up in a close room 's long as there's a roll o' thunder to be heard with an ear trumpet, as you know."

"Yes, Miry, I know you're jest as brave as a lion," said Miss Polly mockly.

"No; I aint," returned Miss Mira. "If I was, I cal'late I shouldn't mind John's doin's. But while there was a fearful shower goin on there last week he called to me to come out to the kitchen, an when I got there he stood right in the window with the carvin knife that he'd been a-sharpenin' up for dinner in his hand."

"Look, Miry!" says he, ketchin me by the arm an p'intin over toward the west. 'There, look at that!' says he as there come two jagged streaks o' lightning, p'intin 'em out with the carvin knife. 'Ain't that wonderful?'"

"Yes," says I, drawin off from him, 'it is wonderful, but,' says I, 'if you think I'm-a-goin to stand here with you, John Follet, an help you beckon up that lightning with a carvin knife you've mistook your woman!'"

"An I should a-lus say the same," concluded Miss Mira, with great decision, "for foolish s'cers is one thing, an temptin the elements is another, accordin to my mind."—Youth's Companion.

An Excellent Reason.

The two wives were discussing the pecuniary peculiarities of their respective husbands, and they coincided with great unanimity until they reached the point of their own relation to the purse strings.

"My husband never gives me a cent of money unless he growls about my extravagance," said one.

"Mine does the same thing," attested the other.

"But I get even with him," and her face showed the color of satisfaction.

"How do you ever do it?"

"I go through his trousers pockets when he is asleep."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the other. "I wouldn't do that for anything."

"Why not? Haven't we a right to the money as well as they have?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't go into my husband's trousers pockets for it."

"I'd like to know why?" quite indignant at the apparent proof.

"Because," blushed the other, "he carries his money in his vest."—Detroit Free Press.

A Cold "Wave."

Mean.

"I think that Highfive is the stugiest man ever created."

"Why?"

"He was recently sick and fell into a trance. His friends supposed he was dead and put him into a coffin. He returned to life, however."

"Well?"

"Well, now he's brought an action against the undertaker because he won't take the coffin back"—Tit-Bits.

Asailed by a Worse Fear.

"James," said his wife, with a sudden suspicion, "I see a hair—a white hair!"

"No, no!" he gasped.

"On your coat collar."

"Is that all?" said James. "How you frightened me! I thought you meant you saw it in my head!"—Chicago Tribune.

Their Amusement.

May—I wonder what the men do at the club.

Pamela—From what Jack says, I guess they play with the kitty most of the time.—Harlem Life.

Cyclotoltry.

Far out drift on fancy's wondrous stream
A coasting down the Capetolian hill,
And wonder what the ancients had been like
Had they the bike.

Think of big Hector tied up by the heel
Tight to the step of strong Achilles' wheel;
And Bud Egan scorching out of Troy
Behind his boy.

See Aristotle with a humped up back
"Peripatetic" on a four lap track,
And Socrates a polishing for his life
From his sharp wife.

From his sharp wife.

If Alexander had a wheel would he
Have cut so wide a swath in history?
Or spent his youth, like modern royal sons,
In century runs?

Just fancy Julius Caesar (if you will)
A coasting down the Capetolian hill,
Or Cleopatra touring by the Nile
In royal style.

Can your imagination dwell on Cain
Cycling the world in spite of wind and rain?
Or on your mother Eve (I do not jest)
In leisure dress?

It seems to me that if the chosen race
Had had some speedy man to make the pace
'T would not have taken forty years to reach
The promised peach.

The world's most ancient them, but what's
The world's most ancient them, but what's
They didn't have the bike, they had the pole,
No gods rule us the change I rather like;
We've got the bike

—Bearings.



HUMAN OR ANIMAL

Pain from sprains, bruises, cramps, diseased or torn flesh, aches, wounds, Neuralgia, etc., can be promptly relieved and cured by using

Dr. J. H. McLean's

Volcanic Oil Liniment.

The FARMER'S REMEDY for the various diseases of domestic animals. It is easy to apply, relieves at once pain and inflammation, and cures quickly. Full directions with each bottle. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

THE DR. J. H. MCLEAN MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

From Oklahoma.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write you a few lines about the strip. We live eighteen miles west of Alva in a cattle country. There are pastures on every side of us. Some of them have from forty to 100 miles of fence around them and have from 1,000 to 12,000 head of cattle in them. They live in them winter and summer and sell the steers in June for \$30 to \$36 a head without any feed except grass. The main crop here is Kafir corn and Milo maize, for feed. We can raise corn, wheat and barley. The corn is up and looks splendid. The wheat is from six to eight inches high. Potatoes and gardens are looking fine. The pastures are as green as in the summer time and horses and cattle look fine. There are still thousands of acres of good farm land here with timber and water. The have several kinds of timber, walnut, cottonwood, elm, cedar, hackberry, and mulberry. We have had the windiest weather you ever saw and the cowboys say it is the worst they ever saw. We have no school or church yet but we are trying to build this summer.

T. W. Ross.

Pasture.

Will take a limited number of cattle to pasture on the Goble ranch eight miles south west of Red Cloud. Plenty of shade and water. Cattle, \$150; horses, \$200, for the season. Apply to N. L. D. Smith, at the ranch.

Why Was It

that Ayer's Sarsaparilla, out of the great number of similar preparations manufactured throughout the world, was the only medicine of the kind admitted at the World's Fair, Chicago? And why was it that, in spite of the united efforts of the manufacturers of other preparations, the decision of the World's Fair Jurors was not reversed?

BECAUSE

According to RULE 15—"Articles that are in any way dangerous or offensive, also patent medicines, nostrums, and empirical preparations, whose ingredients are concealed, will not be admitted to the Exposition," and, therefore—

Because Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a patent medicine, nor a nostrum, and not a secret preparation.

Because its proprietors had nothing to conceal when questioned as to the formula from which it is compounded.

Because it is all that is claimed to be—a Compound Concentrated Extract of Sarsaparilla, and in every sense, worthy the endorsement of this most important committee, called together for passing upon the manufactured products of the entire world!

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Admitted to Exhibition

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

CHICAGO 1893

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